THE RUBICON.

By William Winter.

I

One other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then—go o'er!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Will soar away!

II

One pang—and I shall rend thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous Death will show me all
That now he hides;
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

III

One motion—and the stream is crost,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost
In endless sleep.
Then, onward! Whatso'er my fate,
I shall not care!
Nor Sin nor Sorrow, Love nor Hate
Can touch me there.

From Putnam's Magazine.

RED CLOUD

One of the Fiercest of All Our Indian Warriors.

FROM GEN. O. O. HOWARD'S "FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS" IN ST. NICHOLAS.

...away in Wyoming lived the ...ans, a fierce and warlike ... called themselves Da... ir enemies said that ...ght they did every... hidden way so it was ha... ow what to expect, and the... them Sioux, which means s... like-ones. To this tribe belonged a young brave who wanted very much to become a chief. His father was a fierce warrior and had taught him how to fight, but he was not satisfied to follow the leaders of his tribe, for he wanted to lead other Indians himself. When this young man was only eighteen years old he had already learned to use the bow, could ride Indian ponies and swim deep rivers, and was a great buffalo hunter; besides, he often danced in war dances with older braves. In some way he managed to get a rifle which fired several times without reloading, and after that he began to feel of much more importance than other young Indians.

At first the young braves were angry with him, but he soon showed them that he was a skillful warrior, and before long many young Indians chose him for their leader. Now he could wear an eagle feather in his war bonnet, and was a real chief.

At this time Uncle Sam had promised to give each Indian a good blanket, and they were glad to get them. The blankets were all bright red, and when this young Indian and his followers, each wearing a red blanket, rode rapidly past, some one said, "See the Red Cloud." From that time on the young leader was called "Red Cloud," and so far as I know was never after given any other name.

The Sioux Indians have a wonderful festival which they call the sun dance. At this time all the braves try to show how much pain they can bear without flinching, and some people say it makes them tender-hearted. Certainly "Red Cloud" always could bear more than any other warrior, and yet his heart was fierce and warlike. In time the Indians came to fear him, and little by little he was chosen war chief of all the wild Dakotas or Sioux. He hated the white people, and when other Indians tried to make peace Red Cloud always said: "No; war, war!" Perhaps he knew that just as soon as there was peace he would no longer be a chief; at any rate, he would not listen to any plan to stop fighting.

Fort Phil Kearney in Wyoming was in the middle of the Indians' country. One day word came to the major there that a party of soldiers who had gone to get firewood had been attacked, and some were killed, the rest in great danger. The major at once sent out a rescue party under Capt. Fetterman, but Red Cloud was waiting with two thousand warriors, and not one white man escaped.

Nobody could say now that Red Cloud was not a great leader, and even Uncle Sam, however, he feared him, had to confess that he was "Chief of all the living Sioux Indians." All the Sioux chiefs whose fathers had been chiefs before them were willing to give some indian lands to the white people and live on a reservation, but Red Cloud said: "No, no; I want war," and the young warriors followed him in spite of the chiefs. He had many battles and simply would not stop fighting.

At last, in 1874, the Indians came to one of Uncle Sam's army posts for a "big talk." The result was that the Indians agreed to give up the land they had fought for, and went to live on what was called "Red Cloud Reservation." But still peace did not come. They were always ready to break out, and every once in a while houses were burned, stages waylaid, and people killed. It was of no use to treat the tribe kindly so long as Red Cloud wanted war.

At last, after many years, the war chief began to feel that he could not win his fight, so very sadly he buried his tomahawk and signed what he called "a peace paper." But he did not really love his white brothers, and when Uncle Sam wanted Indian scouts to help him fight in 1876 Red Cloud was angry and sent some of his warriors to waylay the soldiers and Indian scouts. Then Uncle Sam said that Red Cloud could not expect to be a chief if he did such things, for the officers found that he was always planning to make trouble; and they put Spotted Tail, a chief who was frank and honest, in Red Cloud's place. But what good did that do when the young Indians loved Red Cloud and did what he said? And he kept them from working with their hands, and said braves must only hunt and fight, and he would not try to keep peace or to help Spotted Tail control the young braves.

Then at last, when Red Cloud was a very old man, more than eighty years old, he was sick for the first time in his life. He had to stay in his lodge and be taken care of, for he was too weak to move. Now he began to notice how kind every one was to him when he could do nothing for himself, and his heart was softened. When he was able to be up again and go out into the woods he was very happy, and began to be sorry for people who were not strong and well. Though until he was ill himself, he had despised them.

He saw how Uncle Sam was trying to take care of everybody in this big country of ours, and he said. "Indians must take land like white men; they must work with a plow and hoe, and they must read books and study." Then there was peace in the north land, for the fiercest of all our Indian warriors up to that time had really surrendered at last.

An Unnamed Country.

For years Canadians have protested against the appropriation by the people of the United States of the designation "American." They have held that it is presumptuous and improper for the people of a nation to take unto themselves the name of a continent. Canadians, Mexicans, Peruvians, Bolivians, Nicaraguans all have theoretically as much right to be called Americans as have the people of the United States. But all these are blessed with a country with a name. The people of our country, on the other hand, are handicapped in this respect, for the nation really has no name at all. It is merely a collection of confederate States, and accepts this as a makeshift designation. We may be Ohioans or Kentuckians or Virginians or Vermonters, but it is going too far to ask us to call ourselves United Statesers or United Statesians. We have to take the title "American" because we have no other.

The Buffalo Express quotes a Canadian correspondent as stating that the annoyance of our northern neighbors because of our arrogation of the name "American" is becoming less and less. Canadians are proud to be called Canadians, and they are glad that they have a country with a real name. They ever sympathize with us because our own great nation was never conveniently christened.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE REFORMED BRONCO.

May Be Seen Any Day in the Bridle Paths of Central Park, New York.

To the general public the word bronco suggests everything wild and vicious in horseflesh. One associates the usefulness of the bronco almost entirely with the rugged West. That this wiry little animal could ever develop the points of a good park horse would be received with much reservation by most persons.

Yet some ten years or more of cross-breeding, says Country Life in America, has accomplished this somewhat amazing result. Today one can see on the bridle paths of Central Park the well groomed bronco fraternizing as an equal with the Blue Grass thoroughbred, and his number is constantly growing.

To be sure, he is no longer the hammer-head with a pronounced ewe neck, almost as devoid of flesh as a skeleton. He has developed a fine crest in this upbreeding and can show as fine a neck as any Kentucky bred horse.

His middle piece is no longer distended from much eating of grass food, nor is he so loosely joined to his quarters as his prototype. Higher living has rounded him into a strikingly well proportioned saddle horse. In his new estate he subsists less on the flesh, juicy grasses, and the new order grows quite a different animal.

But through all this transformation he still retains the leg characteristics of his bronco ancestry, perfect in symmetry, rather light in muscle and slender in bone, but the muscles of strong quality and the sinews very firm.

His power of endurance has diminished somewhat, but even so he has few equals and no superiors. His toughness and grit have changed little in the cross-breeding, and doubtless if turned out to the freedom of the range he would give as good an account of himself as did his ancestors in the early days of the West.

Fern Leaves as a Food Preservative.

An American consul reports that in parts of England fern leaves have long been employed in packing fruit, fresh butter, etc., for market. Formerly grape leaves were used for this purpose, but the fern leaf is said to be far superior to that of the vine for keeping articles wrapped in it fresh and wholesome. The fishermen of the Isle of Man pack their fresh herrings in fern, which keep the fish fresh until it reaches market. Potatoes packed in ferns keep many months longer than those packed in straw. Fresh meat also is preserved for a protracted period when swathed in fern leaves. It is said that the preservative quality of the fern is due to the large quantities of salt in its composition. The strong odor of the fern also repels larvae, maggots, etc.—Leslie's Weekly.

You could never shake a woman's belief that what a burglar would really like to get would be the baby, confesses the New York Press.

The Colquitt National bank, a... quitt, Ga., has been authorized... gin business with $40,000 ca... P. Watson, president; J. A. ... president; W. E. Williams, ...